



Teacup



romance

👁 444 ✓ 19 ★ 32

Chapter 1 by Monorilakkuma

He held my hand and looked at me with sympathy shown in his beautiful eyes, he said to me, " Julianne, I'm sorry, I really am. " And with those last words, he lets go of my hand and got up from his seat.

I thought I heard my heart as it was shattering to pieces. At that moment, he had stopped in his tracks and said, " I know that you loved me as much as I loved you as well. You'd probably think that I'm a no good bastard right now. "

" A cowardly thing for a man to do is to run away from his problems, a very cowardly act of me to do so...But, you have the right to know something. He still loves you, Julianne. "

I looked at him and furrowed my eyebrows, " What? What do you mean, Sebastian? Please tell me. " He muttered something under his breath and turned away saying, " I meant by Nathaniel, Julianne...".

I stared at him and...

Chapter 2 by Stan Johnson

See more of Story Wars

...snapped. I wasn't sure why but something inside of me said that I was done being let go, devalued, apologized to a

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"No," I said, striding toward him. "No."

Sebastian turned around, his face screwed up in confusion. "'No,' what?"

I acted without thought, and my mouth covered his before he could draw another breath. I pressed myself to him, feeling the warmth of his chest and the beat of his strong heart through my blouse. His lips were stiff, his spine rigid. I waited for him to flow into it, to melt into my love, but he didn't. I stayed anyway, past the time my lungs screamed for air, only letting go when his hands gently came up to my shoulders and pushed me away.

"I can't do this, Julianne. I can't steal you from him. He came first."

My hand left a red mark on his face. "When did I stop having a choice in this? I don't *care* about Nathaniel. He had his chance and he *proved* I was not his priority, and I gave him all the freedom he wanted."

"But," Sebastian sputtered, "I heard him say he still--"

"A kiss. A slap. What's next?" I didn't care if I was being rude by interrupting. "I love *you*. Cowardice and idiocy and all. I am a person and I get to pick who I give my heart to." I thrust myself at him, clinging tightly. He could think I was a hussy if he wanted, but I *needed* him to know how I felt. *Needed* him to understand.

"I--I..."

"Just hold me."

Chapter 3 by Stan Johnson



Sebastian hesitates, and I see a war in his eyes. His arms move up to hold me, but they stop halfway, and I close my eyes against the pain.

"Julianne," he says quietly, resting his forehead against mine. "Nathaniel and I have been friends for as long as I can remember." He reaches to cup my chin in his hand, and tips my face up. We

lock eyes, and I suddenly feel like I'm drowning in what I see.

See more of Story Wars

"When I first saw you, I knew I wanted to be with you forever. You were the best thing I could ever have had. When I found out you were married, I felt like I had been punched in the gut. I look away and I feel my throat constrict. "What kind of a friend would I be to tell something so wonderful from someone who has been closer to me than a brother?"

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I open my mouth to say something, but he shakes his head.

"I'd give my life for you," Sebastian whispers. "I'd give my life for *him* too." He gazes deeply into my eyes, a pleading look that makes me want to comfort him, even as it breaks my heart. "How could I ever call myself a loyal friend if I were so selfish as to take you from him?"

He embraces me tightly, and my heart soars. Then, he gently holds me at arm's length, and I see in his eyes what he's about to say. There is *no* way I'm going to let him go through with it, so I speak first.

"Sebastian--*no*. You are *not* going to do something so *stupidly* cliché as to tell me that you're going away so I can be with Nathaniel. Because if you do, I will *hunt you down* and stay with you until you get it through your skull that you have *not* 'stolen' me from anyone."

"But," he starts.

"Do you *love* me?" I interrupt.

He opens his mouth to speak, but stops. My heart sinks.

"Do you *love* me?" I hate the fact that my voice sounds so squeaky. "Don't think about him. Think about you--about me. About *us*."

His lips purse, and he looks away again. I can feel my world shattering around me as he closes his eyes. At last, he takes in a long, slow breath. "You are tearing me in two," he says. "You're right. I was about to leave so you and Nathaniel could be happy together, and so I wouldn't spend every day in miserable jealousy of my best friend.

"You deserve better than me--ah! Let me finish this time."

I stop my intended interruption.

"You deserve better than me, and Nate's it. But to know you love me--that gives me more hope than I could ever have dreamed of." See more of Story Wars

I move to him and place a

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beginning to beat again

He turns to me, a small, sad smile on his lips. "I really hate to break this moment," he says, "and it's kind of embarrassing to say, but... I really need to, um, use the lavatory."

I pause in confusion, then it sinks in, and I laugh in utter relief. He's *not* leaving me after all. "Well," I say, teasing, "I think I could stand to be apart from you for long enough for you to answer nature's call."

He smiles, then kisses the top of my head. He pulls me close, and holds me for several long seconds. I feel like I'll turn into a puddle of giddiness. I nearly cry out when he finally lets go, but I understand his urgency.

"You just wait right here," he says, kissing my forehead. And then he turns and hurries off.

I sigh happily, and waltz myself around the room for a minute or so before returning to my seat there in my parents' waiting room. Mother and Father are away, today, and they took my siblings with them--something about an outing in the park. I managed to worm my way out of it as soon as I heard that Sebastian was coming, and still managed to keep things quiet from Mother and Father, who would never have approved of my being alone with a boy in the house.

A light breeze blows spring scents through the window, and the happy sounds of birds mix with the melody I hear in my heart; but not so much with the clatter of horse's hooves. I perk up, curious, and move to the window that looks out on the drive. My jaw drops. There, astride a gorgeous gray stallion is a boy in a blue riding outfit, the tails of his riding coat flapping hard behind him as a trail of dust blows up off the drive in his wake. It only takes me a moment to realize who the rider is.

It's Sebastian, and he is very *definitely* not using the lavatory.

Chapter 4 by Annie Leigh (GONE...)



A tears trickle down my cheek, and I scream.

I pound the wall like a maniac, and end up face stuffed in a pillow on the couch.

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I can't say 'oh nothing'. The puffy red bags under my eyes give it all away.

"Will you please not tell father?" I plead. She pretends to hesitate, but a smile washes across her face.

"Boys?" she asks, a mischievous expression washing across her face.

I nod.

"I promise" she says as she moves my head onto her lap. She slowly combs through my hair with her fingers.

"Who is it, then?"

"Sebastian. I-I just wanted to" I start crying again.

She dries my tears "tell me everything".

Chapter 5 by dr.pepper4316



I told her everything. Then she laughed.

"You are more broken hearted than a sad tea cup! I need to tell your father."

"Mom!" I yelled in a crying voice. "I trusted you!"

"Ha ha ha you foolish child. You can't trust anyone!" after she said that she turned into a terrible green creature with large black fangs. "AHH! Mom who are you?" I screamed with an ear-shattering scream. She...

Chapter 6 by Barry Allen



whispered, "That man Sebastian is the lead to my destruction if he stays with you! The only way to stay alive is to kill you! I'm so sorry, sweetie, you could've lived longer!" She marches towards me.

"But Mom, creature, giant evil frog person, who IS Sebastian?" My mom- should I call her that? No, she's most definitely not my mom.

"Sebastian is the prince of the most famous king in Atlantis, and I am his nemesis! Only him and his true love can defeat me!" The creature races toward me. My only thought is, "I'm too young to die!" then I hear a blood-curdling scream and she disappears. I open my eyes and I see Sebastian.

"Sebastian" is everything she said true. His eyes are filled with hate, hopefully not at me. He nods slowly.

"Yes, I am a prince. And should be the most feared prince of all of Atlantis. The Atlantica, the queen of them, came here to see me. I told her about you. I told her about your mom. Come with me, my family can keep you safe."

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"Is she dead?" I ask.

"No, she is only gone for a short time. But she will be back."

Chapter 7 by Barry Allen



The thought didn't calm me at all. But at least I would be safe for a little while.

"How will we get there?" We live in Florida, but it's still pretty far from my house to the ocean.

Sebastian smiles at me and takes my hand as he leads me out the door.

"Well, we'll fly, of course." He leads me towards his gray stallion I saw earlier. Turns out, it wasn't a stallion. It was a pegasus. It's beautiful, long, gray wings rested on the sides of its body.

"Whoa..." I was speechless. I had never seen anything like it. Obviously. But that's not the point. I walked slowly over to it, my hand trembling, and put my hand lightly on its mane and started stroking it. It made a small noise of contentment, like a purr from a cat, and put its nose in my other hand. Sebastian watched us and smiled.

"He likes you." Really? I know nothing about horses, much less pegasi.

"What's his name?" I ask quietly, careful not to startle the gray pegasus.

"Wilfred. Do you like it? It means peace. I thought it was fitting." I thought about it. How right when I went up to Wilfred, he didn't freak out. He just stood there to see how I would act. Peace.

"It's perfect."

Chapter 8 by Barry Allen



"Thank you. He's been with me my entire life and he was a gift from my parents. But we must hurry."

I nodded. I don't want to be attacked again.

"Okay. Um...well, I've never ridden a horse before, much less a horse with wings, so if you could just show me how to get on..." He showed me how to get on, then he helped me up. Then he bent down and whispered into Wilfred's ear. Wilfred pawed the ground, stretched out his wings, and took a running start. Suddenly, we were up in the air. This was one of the times I was glad I was not scared of heights. It was amazing. Sebastian turned around and looked at me.

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couple hours later, he taps me lightly on the shoulder and points down. Below us is the Atlantic Ocean. He turns around, fully this time, and smiles.

"We're here."

the end

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